

face worn to a blur.

If Rousseau had painted mount-  
tains, he might have painted them as  
Timpanogos looks from the Heber  
Valley just before daybreak.

**MY SECOND LOOK** at the valley  
came a year or two after the first.  
I had hiked over the divide from  
Brighton, at the head of Big Cotton-  
wood Canyon where for a hundred  
years the Lake City people have had  
summer cottages. As I came onto  
the above Bonanza Flat, with  
Snake Creek Canyon be-  
low, the whole world opened east-  
ward.  
September. I did not  
know it, but the Wasatch takes  
its place in the splendor of the  
slopes of the Snake Creek  
Canyon. A wash of yellows,  
from lemon to red-gold, sometimes  
on the same tree, but always in  
great masses from the aspen's habit  
of growing in groves. Light came off  
the shimmering leaves until the very  
air was gold. On the highest slopes  
the balsams were nearly black; down  
below the aspens the mountains  
spread a tufted, woolly carpet of  
bronze and gold where scrub oak  
made a dense chaparral; where the  
bare sagebrush spurs swept around

came over it in a borrowed pickup  
truck in the fall of 1956, when it was  
nothing but boulders and tree trunks  
and raw earth. It took us nearly  
three hours to make nine miles but  
if we hadn't been worried about the  
borrowed truck we would have  
gloried in every minute of it.

For there it lay, September again,  
unchanged, exactly as it had be-  
come when I was 12: The  
slopes of gold and scarlet and  
bronze, the green bowl, the snow-  
flecked ridge of the Wolf Creek  
country eastward.

The only change was the  
Creek. Several years ago, now spread  
over the valley's south  
side, and to California's used to  
seeing wilderness become suburbs  
overnight, that did not seem too  
radical a change in 35 years.

**I DID NOT SEE THE Heber Valley**  
again after my second visit for  
a good many years, until my wife  
and I went up to the Heber Hot  
Pots for a long week end of rest in  
1936. The Hot Pots, a string of hot  
springs stretching from the mouth  
of Snake Creek Canyon almost to the  
Provo River, had made the valley a  
local resort for nearly a hundred  
years.

where I was, and when I heard the  
many-tuned soft tinkle-clung-clang  
of cowbells a good way off, I might  
have thought I was in Switzerland.  
As I learned later, those would have  
been old Cooney Gertsch's cows go-  
ing to pasture down the street of  
Midway, and Cooney and his bells  
both came from Wengen, under the  
Jungfrau.

We were cautious that if we  
heard "yodeling" we might not be  
surprised to find only be some  
Swiss. Neither Alplannap, Probst,  
Abbeogen, Buhler, or other  
of the 70 per cent of Midway's pop-  
ulation that is of Swiss birth or  
descent.

Until we spent that pastoral  
weekend at the Hot Pots I had  
thought of the Heber Valley as part  
of the mountain wilderness, for it  
lies at the junction of two great  
ranges, where the east-west Uintas  
meet the north-south Wasatch.

It is surrounded by the Wasatch,  
Uinta, and Ashley National Forests,  
within minutes of the little-visited  
eastern face of the Wasatch and  
within hours of the remotest back-  
pack wildernesses of the Uintas.

Provo River and its tributary  
creeks are stocked with rainbow  
and brook. Strawberry Reservoir,  
25 miles southeast, has been a  
famous lake for native cutthroat for  
a half century. The ski resorts of  
Alta and Brighton are only a few  
miles westward as the eagle flies.

But now we discovered some-  
thing else, that the valley was Swiss  
in more than its inhabitants and  
scenery. For it turned out to be  
humanized and used like a Swiss  
valley; it looks tamed and tamed,  
and in that it is unlike any western  
American mountain valley I know.  
The reasons are three: This is the  
best-watered valley in Utah, the peo-  
ple are Swiss, the local culture is  
Mormon.

and skillfully organized into a  
resemblance to that Utah symbol, a  
beehive.

**GO TO "MUTUAL"**—the Young  
Men's and Young Woman's  
Mutual Improvement Association—  
which meets on Tuesday night in  
every ward house in Zion, and be  
impressed with how a church-cen-  
tered society bent upon old-fashioned  
virtues can make everyone from  
childhood up a participating and  
responsible member of the group.

If you happen to be around in  
July you can attend the Swiss Days  
festival which has been flourishing  
for the past few years. Try Nephi  
Probst's smoked sausage; listen to  
the glee clubs and choruses, which  
are surprisingly good; and mingle,  
on Midway's main street which for  
a day or two is an old-world market,  
with Mormon farmers in leatherosen,  
Mormon girls in bodices, Mormon  
cows with bells on, contestants in  
the state archery contest imitating  
William Tell.

None of that was yet begun when  
we stayed at old Schneiter's Hot  
Pots in 1936, but we learned the  
charm of Midway's shaded streets,  
laid out on the four-square pattern  
of Mormon revelation and sparsely  
set with houses that illustrate every  
stage of development since the first  
settlement in 1857.

There are still-solid log houses  
from the original village; and pot-  
rock houses, square and lilac-smoth-  
ered, almost as old; and frame  
houses of later vintage; and at least  
two gingerbread houses, bright red  
brick with trimmings of white  
wooden lace, that were built by the  
grandfather of Senator Watkins of  
Utah. He made everything in them,  
the bricks, the mortar, the sills and  
lintels, the beams and floor boards,  
by hand.

**YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE** either a  
Mormon or a sociologist to  
enjoy contact with a society so  
coherent and—perish the word—

**THE LIFE OF A VILLAGE** such as

Midway has a flavor as definite